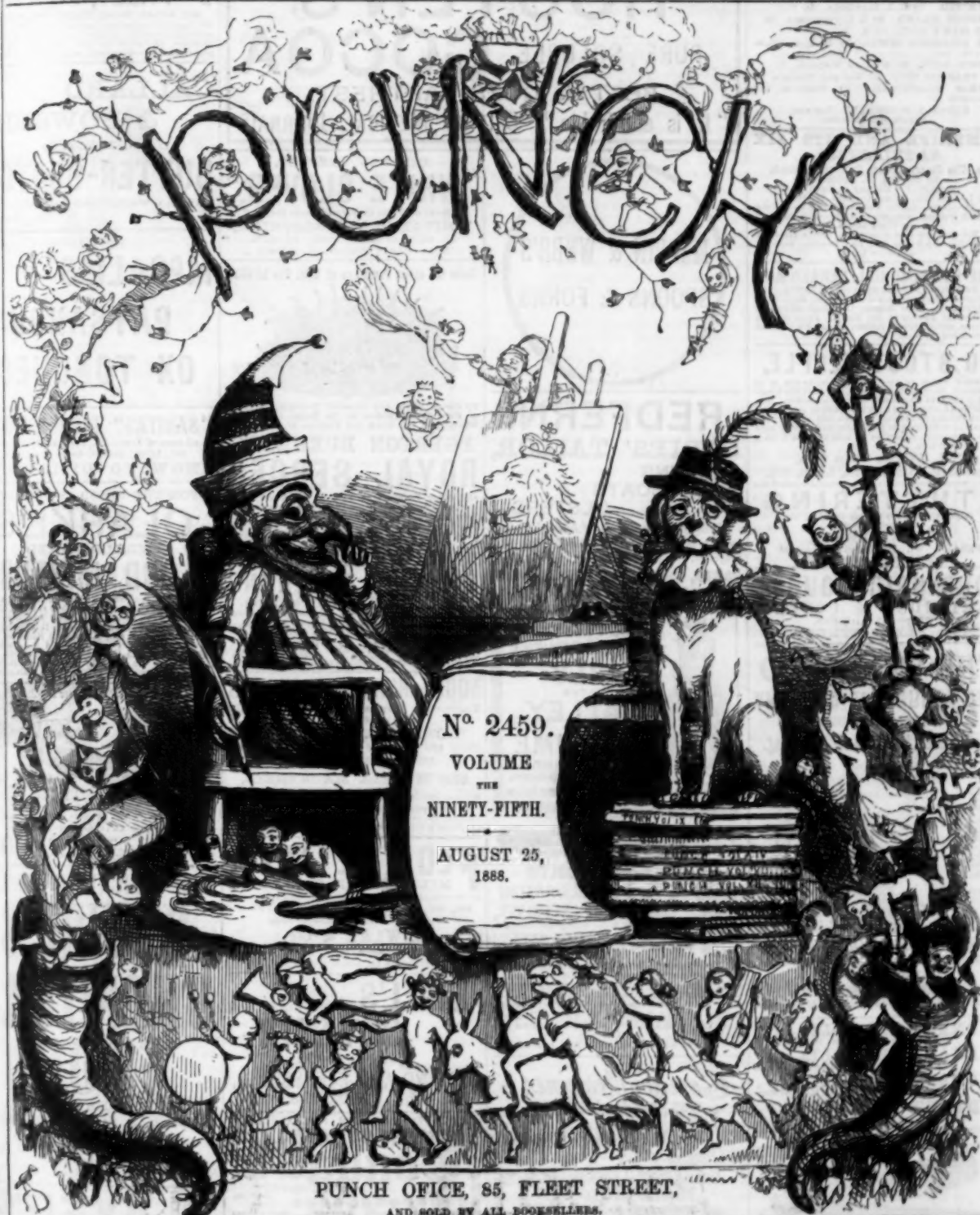


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The Perfection of Tobacco.

THE WHITE ETON.

(A Companion Story to "The Black Arrow.")

PROLOGUE.—Robin Hood-à-Thought-it.

On a certain afternoon in the late springtime, the bell upon Bolton Moat House was heard ringing at an unaccustomed hour. Far and near people began to desert their labours and thronged together. An express had come calling the whole village to boot and saddle. For the days of Sir WALTER SCOTT had returned again to Merrie England, and the British language had become all but unintelligible.



A Page for a Romance of the Middle Ages.

Sir ALLOVER OATHS the Parson and COLNEY HATCH were arming for the fray, and good POULTREY YARD the Archer was reading to the little children the pages of G. P. R. JAMES, wherein he found certain hints that helped him bravely in his phraseology.

"Poor shrews!" he exclaimed. "I have no natural lord but King HARRY THE TENT, and it is an ill wind that bloweth to me ward no good but what may be found in a quarrell fixed in a windae."

"Y'are a strange looking rogue," replied the children, clapping their hands with glee.

"Nay, be it so," replied the old Archer. "By my sooth, Toss-pot and Shuttlewit run in, but my Lord Good Counsel sits o'one side waiting!" No doubt the worthy churl would have said more to the same effect had not an arrow at this moment sung in the air like a huge hornet. It struck old POULTREY YARD between the shoulder-blades, and pierced him clean through as he fell among the cabbages.

"By my faith," cried COLNEY HATCH, "and in good sooth, dash my wigge, but it hath a scroll that will make Sir ALLOVER turn paper colour and pray like a windmill. Fetch me a link, and let us read the writing stuff."

"Poultree-yaird fro' Rob Hood-à-thort-it."

"Nay, I like it not," said all the retainers.

"It is a libel," cried Sir ALLOVER the Priest. "That every run-the-hedge in a green jerkin should fasten a scroll so, runs hard on sacrilege—hard!"

"It boots not, but put to it will wash, Sir Parson," responded COLNEY HATCH. "Here is unseasonable talk for those who are un-friends. Nay, y'are wrong, and sayest ye much more and I will clout me a yard of arrow through your inwards."

"Now, well a-day!" exclaimed Sir ALLOVER, "what means it?"

"It is wrote on a White Eton, good Sir Priest!" respectfully replied one who had been making too free with the wine-skins.

"And what may that be?" returned the ecclesiastic, showing increased interest.

"A White Eton is a sort of neckgirdler of shirtcloth, may it please ye, and also as good a title as a Black Arrow, and as appropriate!"

Now was it found that ROBIN HOOD-à-THOUGHT-IT had written on his scroll that he had plenty of "Whyte Etons" from whence he had sent thither the specimen circle, and intended to use them upon the bodies of those who had given him offence. Upon this the Priest gave DICK a sealed packet with this superscription:—"To my Ryght Worthy Master, Sir DANIEL KNYGHT, be thys delivered in haste," and thus, having secured the "y," the messenger hurried away to obtain the wherefore.

BOOK FIRST.—Lad and Lady.

SIR DANIEL and his men lay in about Tea Kettley that night, warmly quartered and well patrolled. But the Knight was one who never rested from money-getting.

"Bring up yon fellow," cried he, and one of the retainers led up a poor cringing old man, as pale as a candle, and all shaking with the ten fever. "Ye deal in treason, rogue; ye trudge the country leas; y'are heavily suspicioned of the death of severals."

"Right honourable and my reverend Lord," the man cried, "here is some hodge-podge, saving your good presence."

"Well a day!" returned the Knight. "Go to! Y'are too cunning, fool-fellow, for a livelihood of seventy shillings!"

And Sir DANIEL, who was a very merry Knight, none merrier in England, took a drink of his muddled ale, and lay back smiling.

It was then that he addressed a lad who was stretched in a mantle on the floor, after taking off his visored head-piece and unloosing a sanguine-coloured cloak.

"A sturdy boy! I will make you a marriage of a thousand pounds, and cherish you exceedingly. Now eat me a porridge."

Thus the claims of quaint English having been satisfied, the action proceeded apace, and in less than it takes to write it, DICK and JOHN were far away from Sir DANIEL and going through a variety of adventures miles from Tea Kettley. They did the fens of Bolton Moatly Forest thoroughly, losing horses, seeing false lepers, and coming across the originals of those fair bowmen who, dressed in

round cloth jerkins and snowy neckgirdlers, were called "the White Eton Boys."

"Have ye read the works of SHAKESPEARE?" asked JOHN.

"Faugh!" said DICK; "y'are a milk-sopping baby not to know that your Bard of Avon lived hereafter—aye, when HARRY SIXT was long dead, and HARRY EIGHT—to say naught of BETSIE—were flourishing. An I guessed rightly, I should call ye a poor shrew of a sniveller! But why did you ask—I mean why putteth you me to the question?"

"Because, forsooth, it remembered me that in *As You Like it*, may it please ye, a lad and wench marched about together, one disguised and the other not, as we do?"

"Nay," retorted DICK; "if that be your tune, so be it, and a plague be with you! Nay, blow me no nose! I love not snivellers!"

Each turned aside, and then began walking off severally. Thus they had many adventures of a more or less mysterious character, until, after parting in a ditch and meeting in a chapel, they found themselves separated by the necessities of the story. For, as the old Chronicles hath it, "Can ye make bricks without straw?" And, again, "What availeth a lot of characters unless, may it please ye, you can put them in a number of startling situations?"

So boy and girl between them, with the assistance of winking tapestry, purposeless spies, and dialogue containing a good deal of the second person singular, managed somehow or other to get through two hundred and fifty pages, without counting varlets, outlaws, and men-at-arms. But in good sooth the work was as tough as a Church steeple of a Lenten Sunday!

BOOK THE LAST.—Coulour-de-Rosy Reading.

AND the two hundred and fifty pages having been passed, it now was time to bring in something about RICHARD CROCKBACK, and the Wars of the Roses. Thus it happened that one day, DICK, having armed himself more like a gentleman than usual, heard the sound of a trumpet. He came within sight of a booth, and found a most fierce encounter raging on the road before it. There were seven or eight assailants, and but one to keep head against them. DICK, drawing his sword, putting a quarrel in his cross-bow, waving his lance, unslinging his mace, loading his hand-cannon, and using his dagger with considerable dexterity, was able, after about an hour and a half's hard work, to render very valuable assistance.

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" So much for Buckingham! said the attacked one when his assailants had been vanquished, and then, turning to our hero, demanded, "How knew ye who I was?"

"I am ignorant of whom I speak with," DICK answered. "Fact is, I don't in the least know"—then, gracefully pulling himself up, he continued, "an it please ye, I forgot myself! I have me a habit of slipping into English of the Nineteenth Century unawares. I should have said, by my sooth, and by my halidom, but, my good Lord, I know not your arms. But I see ye have the humpe!"

"Humpe me no humpe," replied the other, and a singular sneer played about the young nobleman's mouth as he made answer. Then he added—"But the time is ripe for making you Sir RICHARD. Ye have pleased me—kneel me a kneel!"

In the bottom of his heart DICK already entertained a great terror and some hatred for the man whom he had rescued; but the invitation was so worded that it would have been cruel to refuse or hesitate, so he hastened to comply, and was Knighted.

"And now, good Sir RICHARD," said the Crockback, "you may get married as soon as it may please ye, and have done with it."

Bowing gracefully, the young man departed to find out and engage in mortal combat Sir DANIEL, who, he had discovered recently, had been his father's murderer. Just as he was on the point of finishing the traitor loon in question, it occurred to him that the wicked Knight should die by the aid of an arrow. For had not ROBIN HOOD-à-THOUGHT-IT said as much at the beginning of the story?

So, stepping aside, he awaited events. Hereon all of a sudden a bow sounded like a note of music.

An arrow flew, carrying with it a stiff linen circle, marked "Six groats the twelve ones." The circle wound round the Knight's throat, and choked him.

"Is the circle white?" he gasped. "Does it justify the title of the book?"

"It is white," replied DICK, gravely; "and therefore may be called a White Eton."

Sir DANIEL stared wildly, tried ineffectually to follow this reasoning, uttered a piercing cry, and died in much agony.

DICK hurried away, entered the church (accompanied by the White Eton Boys), and was married. When he came forth into the frosty air and sunlight, the long files of the army were already winding forward up the road. But the wedding party turned upon the other side, and sat down with sober merriment to breakfast. And the "merriment" was the "soberer" because each dismal reveller was haunted with the apprehension that some day their exceedingly tedious and uneventful lives would be recorded by a Nineteenth Century chronicler! An it please ye, so they was!

THE RAILWAY TAM O' SHANTER.



Shareholder. "STOP! STOP! MORE HASTE, LESS DIVIDEND!"

WHEEL mounted on his flying steed,—
A fleetier never gat up speed,—
TAM akelpit on at sic a pace
As thoroughbred ne'er held in race.
Eclipse himself, or *Flying Dutchman*,
TAM's nag for swiftness could not touch, man.
So sped that steed and TAM upon it,
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet,
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares
Lest rivals pass him unawares;

"A race!" yelled TAM; "I ought to win it
At something like a mile a minute."

So speeds the "*Flying Scotchman*," so
TAM rattles madly on, when lo!
A something stirs in TAMMIE's noddle;
For danger he cares not a boddle,
But ither at his pace astonished
Consider he should be admonished. [friends,
"More haste, less speed," think TAM's Scotch
May mean "mair speed, less deevdends."

Through space can one thus wildly whik
Without considerable risk
To money-bags as weel as bodies?
Your Scotch shareholders are not nod-
dies.

Their interest is not Sport but Trade;
To see the trim-laid "metals" made
Into race-course—or cinder-path,
For "record-cutting" stirs their wrath.
To safety and good sense they'll rally,
And in protesting legion sally

As bees buzz out wi' angry fyke,
This racing game they canna' like;
And as TAM flies you see them follow
Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow.
Ah, TAM! ah, TAM! though fast thou'rt farin',
Be sure those shareholders thou'rt soarin';
The public also have a fear
They may buy joys o' speed too dear.
Beware, TAM, ere this cantrip ends
In Danger and low Dividends!

THE FUN OF THE N. P. FUND.

IN the little Blue Book annually published by the Newspaper Press Fund, there is a comical misprint in the report of the Chairman's speech at last year's banquet. The Chairman, following the wise custom introduced by H.R.H. the Prince of WALES at every public dinner, wishing to get to the cigars and the real business of the evening after the first toast, quoted the well-known words of Mr. DEEROW, who, when rehearsing an equestrian drama at Astley's, found the dialogue tedious, and exclaimed, "Cut the cackle and come to the 'osses." But the reporter and the printer between them have thus reproduced it at p. 13: "Cut the cattle and come to the asses." (Laughter.) "Laughter!" We should think so—rather! Sir EDWARD CLARKE, Q.C., Solicitor-General, presided this year, and drew tears from the eyes and money from the purses of his audience by his earnest solicitations.

"Primate and Confidential."

(To Lord Carnarvon.)

I THANK you, my Lord,
I'm quite in accord
With the spirit of your suggestions,
"Open Churches" are rare,
But everywhere
We've plenty of "Open Questions."

JACK TAR'S LOG AT THE MANŒUVRES.—"Lough Swilly"—the place to pipe all hands for grog.



"CARRY YER BAG, SIR?"

THE RIVAL-TO-THE-BIG-DOOSEBERRY CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter No. 1.

SIR,—I notice in the columns of one of your Contemporaries that the question has been raised, "Is Marriage a Failure?" and if you will allow me I should like to answer it.

Sir, how can marriage be a failure when the household is well conducted? Let me take my own case. I am a man of great mental attainments, and with a power of organisation that must command respect. Sir, I am not satisfied to leave the care of the home to hands other than my own. Taking for my model the "paterfamilias" of the famed law-giver, JUSTINIAN, I consider it my duty to personally superintend the details of domestic management. Thus I think it advisable to arrange with the cook the *menu* of the dinner, and to consult with the housemaid as to the times and seasons most suitable for the cleansing of the various apartments, for the proper condition of which I hold her responsible. And if occasionally our meals become a little complicated, and the sweeping the drawing-room carpet is entirely overlooked, these are matters only of temporary annoyance, and the great principle that the man should be the head of the household is maintained in all its beautiful significance.

From this you must not imagine that I devote my entire time to the arrangement of the proper functions of my servants. On the contrary, I have plenty of leisure for improving the mind of my wife. It is my duty, as it is indeed my pleasure, to read to her works of an elevating rather than an entertaining character. Moreover, when it is fine I am always ready to take her with me to see such Museums as that of the School of Mines in Jermyn Street, or the excellent Anatomical Collection attached to Surgeons' Hall. From this you will gather, that while seeking for instruction I do not ignore the claims of amusement. After these few hints as to the method I pursue in rendering my home a happy one, it is unnecessary for me to indicate further whether in our case marriage is a failure.

I am, Sir, yours, SOMEBODY'S HUSBAND.

Letter No. 2.

SIR,—I have just seen a rough draft of which the letter sent to you by my husband is a carefully prepared copy. As he is not looking, will you allow me to answer the question, "Is Marriage a failure?" by the significant word, "Rather!"

Yours truly, SOMEBODY'S WIFE.

Letter No. 3.

SIR,—as an American, will you permit me to join in your interesting Correspondence? The institutions of the free United States enable the enterprising Benedick to marry, and then obtain a divorce with the greatest possible convenience and dispatch. Thus I have had considerable experience in Matrimony. I have consequently entered into the bonds of Wedlock more than once, and can therefore conscientiously declare that Marriage is *not* a failure.

Yours truly, TRUE AS STEEL.

Letter No. 4.

SIR,—For the last thirty years—in fact, since I reached my eighteenth birthday—I have given this all-engrossing question my most anxious consideration. In spite of the peculiar custom of Leap Year, I have not yet been able to put the problem to a practical test. So, speaking for myself, I fear I must confess that Marriage is a failure.

Yours, singularly, A MAID OF LEA.

Letter No. 5.

SIR,—Of course Marriage is a failure. What is a fellow to do when he is obliged to give up his Club and his Music Hall, his pals and his smoke? No, Sir, it is not good enough for

Yours truly, 'ARRY AT 20.

Letter No. 6.

SIR,—Take it all round with the rough and the smooth, the worries of unpaid bills and the trips into the country, the black looks of one's husband, and the laughter of one's children, I really do believe that Marriage is *not* a failure. Yours faithfully, 'ARRIET AT 50.

[This Correspondence to be discontinued upon the discovery of a more engrossing subject in the Silly Season.]

"IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?"—Evidently not, as it contrives to fill two or three columns every day, and keeps up the circulation of the *D. T.* in the *D. S.*, or Dull Season.

REVIVAL OF THE OFFICE OF "THE DIRECTOR OF TRANSPORTS."—Why, certainly. Emotional persons ought to be subject to proper control. We hope he will be a firm but sympathetic person. Perhaps an experienced Matron would be best fitted for the post.



COMING DOWN ON THE SWEATERS.

"Quoth DUN-RAVEN,
Never more!"

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

August 4.—Got up at six, but as it was pouring wet, and we had been thrown over in respect to our apartments at Margate, and (as CARRIE wisely observed), Monday was Bank Holiday, we would abandon our visit till Tuesday. We became more than reconciled to this, for the first post brought a nice letter from WILLIE (son by my first), acknowledging a trifling present which CARRIE sent him, the day before yesterday being his twentieth birthday. To our utter amazement he turned up himself in the afternoon, having journeyed all the way from Oldham. He said he had got leave from the bank, and as Monday was a holiday, he thought he would give us a little surprise.

August 5 (Sunday).—We had a bottle of port for dinner, and drank dear WILLIE's health. He said, "Oh, by the bye, did I tell you I've cut my first name, 'WILLIAM,' and taken the second name, 'LUPIN.' In fact, I'm only known at Oldham as 'LUPIN POOTER.' If you were to 'WILLIE' me there, they wouldn't know what you meant." Of course, LUPIN being a purely fancy name, CARRIE was delighted, and began by giving a long history of the LUPINS. I ventured to say that I thought WILLIAM a nice simple name, and reminded him he was christened after his Uncle WILLIAM, who was much respected in the City. WILLIE, in a manner which I did not much care for, said sneeringly, "Oh, I know all about that—Good old BILL!" and helped himself to a third glass of port. CARRIE objected strongly to my saying "Good old," but she made no remark when WILLIE used the double adjective. I said nothing, but looked at her, which meant more. I said, "My dear WILLIE, I hope you are happy with your colleagues at the bank." He replied, "LUPIN, if you please, and with respect to the bank, there's not a clerk who is a gentleman, and the 'boss' is a cad." I felt so shocked, I could say nothing, and my instinct told me there was something wrong.

Aug. 6, Bank Holiday.—As there was no sign of LUPIN moving at nine o'clock, I knocked at his door, and said we usually breakfasted at half-past eight, and asked how long would he be? LUPIN replied that he had had a lively time of it, first with the trains shaking the house all night, and then with the sun streaming in through the windows in his eyes, and giving him a cracking headache. CARRIE came up and asked if he would like some breakfast sent up, and he said he could do with a cup of tea, and didn't want anything to eat. LUPIN not having come down, I went up again at half-past one, and said we dined at two; he said he "would be there." He never came down till a quarter to three. I said, "We have not seen much of you, and you will have to return by the 5.30 train; therefore, you will have to leave in an hour, unless you go by the midnight mail." He said, "Look here, Guv'nor, it's no use beating about the bush. I've tendered my resignation at the bank." For a moment I could not speak. When my speech came again, I said, "How dare you, Sir? How dare you take such a serious step without consulting me? Don't answer me, Sir,—you will sit down immediately, and write a note at my dictation, withdrawing your resignation and amply apologising for your thoughtlessness." Imagine my dismay when he replied with a loud guffaw, "It's no use. If you want the good old truth, I've got the chuck!"

A DAILY Advertisement informs us that "She is in active preparation." *L'Histoire des Femmes*. She's getting herself up regardless of expense. Always in active preparation, and always keeping us waiting.

THE PLAINT OF THE GRAND PIANO.

I WAS a grand piano once—nay, hearken what I say—
The grandeur is no longer here, it left me yesterday.
One leather-souled executant at a sitting could demolish
The mellow pride of tuneful years, of tone, and power, and polish.

A dapper man, with weary brow, and smile of conscious pow'r,
A Jove, prepared to improvise tone-thunder by the hour,
Is NARBYTH HAMMERMAN, whose touch would disconcert the dead,
Whose foot would rush with pedal-crush where angels fear to tread.

He kept his soul in patience while lesser people played,
As one who bears with cruder views that taste-bound souls degrade;
He pitied plaintive melody and winning modulation,
Biding his time—and then it came—the afternoon's sensation.

He hovered over the keyboard, like a wild beast over its prey,
And he tossed his head, and he rattled his wrists—and then he began
to play;

To play! And in that crowded room was none with heart to see
That what was play to him and them was worse than death to me!

He struck a chord, as a hawk strikes a lark who is dumb with fear,
And his fingers spread over the octaves like a slander in full career,
And my overstrung nerves that waited the worst high sprung from
the shuddering case

As he finished his horrible prelude with an awful bang in the bass.

He gloated; I waited; and then began a butchery great and grim,
And melody screamed and harmony writhed, and form, rent limb
from limb,

Was hurled in murderous largesse to the careless, ravening crowd,
Who chatted and laugh'd the louder, as my agony waxed more loud.
He checked his course, and he wiggled round, till he found the soul
of pain,

And he thumped it with pitiless fingers, again, again, again!
Then, like a pawing horse let go, he tore at headlong pace, [bass,
And drowned the tortured treble's cry in the roar of an anguished

My tenderest tones, that answer clear the artist's lightest touch,
Were yank'd in handfuls out like hair in some fierce maniac's
clutch, [pride,

And my beautiful keys, that never yet had sullied their tuneful
Like elephants with the tusk-ache in ivory anguish cried.

Hark to the murmurs sad and low, self-struck upon my strings,
Such music as a dying love, unknown, unsolaced sings,
For yesterday's undreamt disgrace can never not have been,
And I must shrink from music now, and sob "Unclean, unclean!"

The girls have practised on me in endless ladders of scales,
Whereby they mounted to castle'd heights, and the realms of fairy
tales;

And I loved their wayward endeavours, and my patient sweetness at
Won them to tell me their love's young dreams as I hallowed their
childhood's past. [last

And the Governess, meek and modest, who counted the tale of bars,
Would slip from the sleeping children, and the schoolroom worries
and jars; [forgot,

And the tender heart would open to me, and, work-a-day woes
The pencil-cramped hands would tremble, and the tears from her
heart well'd hot.

They called her a Perfect Treasure, but 'twas I alone who knew
The tale of the young life's struggle, so tender and brave and true;
And when she touched me I told it, and somebody listened and
learned, [returned.

And the winter-time went out of her life, and the daffodil days
And MAUD in her tempers would bang away—Sweet MAUD—for I
often heard

The fortissimo suddenly ended in a kiss like the chirp of a bird.

And MADEL's curious reveries—how soon a piano discovers
When a girl gives one hand to her music, and the other is clasped in
her lover's.

Perchance some tender hand again may soothe my tortured heart,
May heal the soars of HAMMERMAN with balm of rare MOZART;
Perchance the Nocturne's mystic feet may through my caverns stray,
When great BEETHOVEN's passion-storms have cleansed the plague
away.

But no, farewell that happy past; henceforth I'm only fit
To play the concertina's part to wandering niggers' wit;
Or, as a street-piano, find as jubilant a goal
As a wet day in China when you do not know a soul.

Yet it may be my past deserts may win a loftier place,
Low in the outer walks of Art, not blatant in disgrace;
And Music's tutelary powers may bid their Outcast go
And be the sacred music in a panoramic show,
And moan "The Village Blacksmith" when the lights are burning low.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

I THOUGHT I was going to have a rare treat in RIDER HAGGARD'S *Maiva's Revenge*. "Beati qui nihil expectant," as Major Monsoon



A Creepy Crawly effect.

bath it, "for verily they shall not be disappointed." The book is simply the Zoological Gardens turned loose with that old Choke-bore Allan Quatermain, who, I had hoped, was dead and buried in the previous novel, potting elephants and rhinoceri as if they were shrimps, meeting lions and lionesses and savages, and all the stale Rider-Haggardian materials muddled up together, without even the

thread of an interesting story whereon to hang the dried skins of the beasts. *Maiva* herself, an insignificant person, does not appear till page 105, out of a book of 216 pages, and the other part is taken up with stupid stories told by that stupid low comedian Good, whom his author loves, and somniferous after-dinner sporting twaddle carried on by the small bore Sir Henry Curtis, the afore-said low comedian Good, and the grand old choke-bore, Allan Quatermain himself with the little round button at the top and the gunpowder running out of the heels of his boots. Herewith I make

REDAH'S REVENGE!

FIRST, LAST, AND ONLY CHAPTER.

On the dried wing of a Fly-leaf, brought to me by the maiden KONSTANT REDAH, I make out these words:—

"For Heaven's sake, whoever you are, try to help me. I have been the slave of this awful RITERAGGARD for nearly four years. He caught me in *King Solomon's Mines*; he charmed me, for he is a wizard, with *She*; and he tortures me now by means of his slaves, *Allano Quarterman*, *Baddely Good*, and *Sir Henry Cowardis*. Don't desert me, or RITERAGGARD and his Impi, the Pubbeli-Shahs, will have another novel ready in less than a week, and I shall be forced to devour every word of it. Help! help! help! I can bear this no longer.

"Yours, JACK LIVVREY."

"Great Heavens!" I gasped. "LIVVREY! it must be my old friend, JACK LIVVREY, of Liverpool, the great Novel Hunter." I too had suffered at the hands of RITERAGGARD and his Impi, and I was determined that they should not have another victim if I could prevent it. KONSTANT REDAH's eyes gleamed with a vindictive light. She had often tried to put down the tyrant RITERAGGARD, but could not. Now was her chance. So at once we were on the march. Within a few minutes we were in the Boshibook's country, near RITERAGGARD's Impi and the Pubbeli-Shah's Kraal. When I reached the Koppie-Right I lay down on my littery bed and took an inspiring draught of *Punch*. It was lucky I did so, for now a strange thing happened.

Out of the thick red and blue coverts that surrounded the Koppie-Right arose a swarm of fly-leaves, darkening the air like locusts, and through this black density came flashes like red rays of the setting sun. "It is the Impi's advertisements," said KONSTANT REDAH, coolly, replying to my exclamation. "I know them. Behold!"

I looked, and from underneath this swarm, kicking up a dust all among the Koppie, right and left, came slowly on, as if by forced marches, RITERAGGARD himself, CHOKEBORE ALLANO QUARTERMAN, BADELY GOOD, SIR HENRY COWARDIS, OLD GOBBO the Clown, a lot of savage Elephants, Rhinoceri, Lions, Tigers, Crocodiles, Snakes, in fact the whole menagerie and travelling troupe. The men were all armed with repeating rifles loaded with *Saymold* ammunition. RITERAGGARD had an old fifteen thousand Storey's repeating rifle, with which he was shooting in every direction at random.

"Help! help! They are cramming MAIWA down my throat!" I heard in the Tukwowe dialect. It was the voice of the great Novel Hunter, JACK LIVVREY.

Not a moment was to be lost. With a dexterous whirl I sent my Paypir-knife whizzing through the air. RITERAGGARD, to avoid it, stepped backwards, and, with a yell such as I have rarely heard, fell on to one of his Pubbeli-Shahs, and both tumbled backwards into their own trap,—a trap intended for one horse, but quite suitable for a different kind of animal.

Raising my kill-bore-repeater, I put the contents of one barrel into BADELY GOOD just as he was preparing to let off a joke, and he fell with his face to the earth. It was all over with him, and then, before SIR HENRY COWARDIS could recover from his surprise, I let him have the second barrel, and down he went, too, dead as a two-days'-old glass of ale. Wheeling round I saw that old villain, ALLANO QUARTERMAN, preparing a yarn which was to come spinning at my head and catch me as in a net. But at the critical moment I let fly, and, with a great groan, he, too, fell lifeless, and, though I am a Christian, I cannot say I felt sorry for any one of them. As for the beasts of the menagerie, they were only pantomimic mechanical animals, after all. Many collapsed like bladders on being pricked, and others I ordered to be broken up, together with RITERAGGARD's whole bag of tricks.

When I came up to the trap, I found that it had been turned over, and the poor steed, cleverly contrived to imitate a kind of winged Pegasus, had got entangled in the harness, but RITERAGGARD, having managed to crawl out, had disappeared into the coverts of the Koppie-Right. Here he was subsequently found by KONSTANT REDAH, who tortured him for hours by declaiming long extracts from his own eccentric books. I left him to her. It was her revenge. The poor Pubbeli-Shahs and the other Impis begged for mercy, and so I let them crawl away as best they could to rejoin RITERAGGARD, that is, if anything should be left of him after KONSTANT REDAH's awful torture. They may yet give us some trouble, but I doubt it.

As to poor JACK LIVVREY, the great Novel Hunter, he threw himself on his knees and kissed my hand in an ecstasy of gratitude. I gave him a taste of *Punch*, when he speedily revived, and then I recommended him a salutary course of *FIELDING*, *DICKENS*, and *THACKERAY*, which he is still pursuing, much to his advantage. He is now a book-stall keeper at Victoria Station, and doing uncommonly well. Only when the name of RITERAGGARD is mentioned in his hearing does a cold shudder come over him, and he tries to hide himself away under the evening newspapers.

And so I went to bed and dreamed that I was in the Garden of Parodies, and that all the above was quite true, and woke up so happy, wrote every word of it down, and now sign myself,

Yours ever,

THE BOLD BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

P.S.—And just one hint to the sensational author of *Maiva's Revenge*. Let him procure four small handy volumes published, in most appropriate binding, by WILLIAM PATERSON of London and Edinburgh, entitled *Weird Tales*, and then let him read over again the carders writ by ALLAN—*not Quatermain*,—but EDGAR ALLAN POE, and let him study *A Fearful Revenge* (author unknown), which RIDER HAGGARD would have spun out into three hundred pages at least, while here it is thrillingly and concisely told in twenty-five. Those who like Thrillers and Carders to shorten their journeyings in this holiday season, cannot do better than purchase this series of *Weird Tales*.

Liverpool v. Lambeth.

THE Bishop of LIVERPOOL writes common sense on The Lambeth "Encyclical" signed PRIMATE BENSON, Who murmurs, with laugh in lawn sleeves all the while, "I thought that it might you, my dear Bishop, rile."

THE MORAL OF THIS SEASON.

"You can tell me," said the Intelligent Foreigner, button-holing his London Friend, "what it is called."

"It—what?" was the rejoinder.

"Why, when ladies and gentlemen go into a big field, and sit in carriages in the rain looking at nothing—what is that?"

"I have no idea."

"And when the same people go to boats on a river, and look at other boats, but always in the rain—always—what is that?"

"I cannot say."

"But you must know," said the Intelligent Foreigner, impatiently. "When the same ladies and gentlemen go into the country, and sit on damp benches, and cover themselves with waterproofs—always in the rain—what is that?"

"How should I know?"

"And when these same people go for months here, there, everywhere, always in the rain. When they meet morning, noon, and night, always in the rain. When they bore one another to the death. When they are as dull as ditch-water. Come, you must know? What is it?"

"Ah, I have it! A big field in the rain.—Lord's. Storm on the river.—Henley. Damp benches in the country.—Goodwood! Together for months always in the rain! Why you must mean the London Season?"

"You are right," replied the other. "And now, my friend, I must say good-bye."

And the Intelligent Foreigner left England for ever!



AWKWARD REVELATIONS.

Effie. "GEORGIE AND I HAVE BEEN DOWN-STAIRS IN THE DINING-ROOM, MR. MITCHAM. WE'VE BEEN PLAYING HUSBAND AND WIFE!"
Mr. Mitcham. "HOW DID YOU DO THAT, MY DEAR?"
Effie. "WHY, GEORGY SAT AT ONE END OF THE TABLE, AND I SAT AT THE OTHER; AND GEORGY SAID, 'THIS FOOD ISN'T FIT TO EAT!' AND I SAID, 'IT'S ALL YOU'LL GET!' AND GEORGY SAID, 'DAM!' AND I GOT UP AND LEFT THE ROOM!"

"A PROFESSIONAL OPINION."

A SONG FOR THE SEASON.

AIR—"The Tight Little Island."

DADDY NEPTUNE one day
 To BRITANNIA did say,
 "I've seen battles on sea and on dry land,
 But by Jove, dear, the Briton
 A fashion has hit on
 Unmatched until now in his Island.
 Oho! but it raises a smile, and
 Old Nestor to mirth might beguile, and
 I never did know
 Such a rum sort of go,
 As this latest sham-fight round your Island."

"By Jingo, my daughter,
 This seizure and slaughter
 On Albion's salt water, and by land,
 This very sham guarding,
 And bogus bombarding
 The towns and the ports of the Island,
 Is good Autumn days to beguile, and
 Land-lubbers like LAWSON to rile, and
 Make BANNERMAN jeer
 But, my dear, is it clear
 What good it will do to your Island?"

"No doubt Sir GEORGE TRYON
 Has fought like a lion,
 And Admiral BAIRD is no craven;
 Larks, varied with blunder,
 And make-believe plunder,
 From Liverpool down to Berehaven
 Of course may be really worth while, and
 Teach JACK to steer cruisers in style, and

Improvement fast press on;
 But what's the true lesson
 Manœuvres like this teach the Island?"

"Blockading Lough Swilly
 In vain does look silly;
 A big hostile fleet close to dry land
 Destruction and pillage
 Of sea-port and village
 May raise a wry laugh round the Island.
 Ineffective blockading seems vile, and
 To chase the foe many a mile, and
 At last let him slip
 Without taking a ship
 May be war,—but it puzzles the Island."

"Jack Tars are rare jokers,
 But shortness of stokers,
 And engines that come to grief nigh land,
 Are hardly good wheezes,
 Scarce funning that pleases
 The folks of the tight little Island.
 Yes, it's a snug little Island,
 A right little, tight little Island;
 But ports held to ransom
 Are really not handsome
 Or nice things to read in the Island."

"Suppose an Armada
 Again should invade her,
 This Queen of the Sea, dear, your Island,
 Could you do more—or less—
 Than in days of Queen BESS,
 To keep foreign foes from your Island?
 There are lots have an eye on the Island,
 They would much like to plunder the Island;
 And—well, can you say
 You've not shown 'em the way
 To rifle and stifle your Island?"

"Those wise Whitehall 'cakes,'
 They all play ducks and drakes
 With your wealth, but, my dear, can you spy
 Are you clear that your Fleet [land?
 Is as sound and complete
 As is needful to safe-guard your Island?
 The good Wooden Walls of the Island
 Are gone; iron ruleth the Island;
 But do you quite feel
 That with Iron and Steel
 You can flout all the foes of your Island?
 "Well, Time doth reverse all!
 And further rehearsal
 May show your Fleet worthy the Island,
 But more of it's needful;
 So, prithee, be heedful,
 And keep a sharp eye round your Island.
 Be sure your officials are movers,
 To prove by these Autumn Manœuvres,
 Which strike me as funny,
 The need of more money
 To keep up a Fleet for the Island.
 "BRITANNIA and NEPTUNE
 Have hitherto kept tune
 In each saying, 'This shall be my land';
 Should the foes of Old England,
 Or all they can bring, land,
 We still must show play for the Island.
 We must fight for our right to the Island,
 Our Fleet must encircle the Island;
 If increase it you must,
 My dear, down with the dust,
 For it's worth it, your tight little Island!"

TUTTLE'S HISTORY OF PRUSSIA. 2 Vols.
 Lucid style. "Clear Tuttle!"



“A PROFESSIONAL OPINION.”

BRITANNIA. “WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, FATHER NEPTUNE?”

FATHER NEP. “WELL, MARM,—IF YOU ASK ME,—I’VE SEEN A LOT O’ BATTLES IN MY TIME,—BUT BLEST IF I EVER SEE ANYTHING LIKE **THIS!!!**”

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A KNOWLEDGE OF HUMAN NATURE.

"AND SO YOUR NICE CLERGYMAN IS GOING TO BE MARRIED, MRS. MARI-GOLD! I HOPE YOU'LL LIKE HIS WIFE AS WELL AS YOU LIKE HIM."

"WELL, MA'AM, I'M SURE I HOPE SO—BUT WE GENERALLY FIND THAT WHEN THE GENTLEMAN IS HAPPALE, THE LADY'S 'AUGHTY!"

ROBERT AT THE SEA-SIDE.

LAST Friday, when setting on the Jetty, a thinking of this thing and the other thing, wondering what became of all the Turtel during August, why the Nigger Minsterels didn't wash their faces now there was plenty of water for 'em, or sum ekally intresting matter, I suddnly thort to myself, what a jolly thing it must be to have lots of reddy money. Not Houses, and Lands, and Shares, and all such trubbels, but lots of reddy money. Draws full of golden sovereigns!

I think I knows one thing I should do. I should fill my pocket with about a handfull of 'em every day, and out I should go, "taking my walks abroad," as the Poet says, and I should pay a sovereign for everything, and say to everybody, "that will do." Good Gracious Me, what a idear! I should begin by having my boots cleaned, and giving the boy a sovereign and saying, "That will do, my Lad." I should buy a penny Newspaper, and do the same; then I should go in somewhere and have a little lunch and do the same. Fancy the Waiter's astonishment, poor feller, and then I should call a Handsome Cab, and have a littel ride, and I do believe I should even astonish Cabby; and every time I dined out—and I should take preshus good care to belong to lots of the City Gills—when I asked for my At, I should pitch a sovereign into the plate and walk out smiling at the Waiter's Glee.

Ah! talk about Poppylarity and Riverence, why, I should beat Lord SORLSBURY and Mr. GLADSTON, and the Archbishop of CANTERBERRY into three cocked hats.

The Great Dook's was the only case of the sort I ever heard on, and he was, in this respect, what I think the French calls, Eunick. He used to give a sovereign for a Play Bill and say to the astonished Cellar, "That will do!"

I carries out the idear to some small extent in my own umble way. I buys the *Echo* every day, it's my favorite paper because I finds news there that I don't find no wheres else, and I allers pays a penny for it, for which penny I calkerlate as I gets a haporth of news, and a haporth of respect, and if there's one thing I pines for, even more than pine Appel, it's Respeck.

It was my Wife's Burthday last week, so I promist her a bottel of Old Port, to witch she is uncommon parashal, probberly coz she so seldom gits it, witch is the rule of the Road in most things I fanays. So I gos to the principel Wine Merchant's, and I harsks wot Port wine he had got in stock, jest as if I was a

going for to order a hole duzzen at wunse. And the young chap says, says he, quite calm and collected,

"We've got sum '47."

"Sum '47!" says I, with perfound estonishment.

"Why, wot's the price?"

"Don't kno," says he; "but I'll arask the Guvvernor." So he shouts out, "We've got sum '47 Port, ain't we, Guvvernor?" This brort that gennelman out pretty quick, and he says, says he, "'47 Port! No, I ony wishes as we had; but we ain't got no Customers down here for sitch wine as that. Nothink but cheap Claret gos down here," says he, bitterly. "Ah!" says I, "I've had sum xperience of both, and I agrees with what I herd a Alderman say the other day, that Claret wood be Port if it coud." "Rite you are," says he; "but unfortnighly for me, all the Port as I drinks gos down into my grate Toe!" "Ah," says I, "I don't know, and I don't care, where mine gos to, but I allus drinks it wenever I can get it." So I chose my bottel of Port and carried it home in triumf, and werry good it were, and both me and the Missus injoyed it mutch, she ony drinking three glasses and me ony drinking all the rest. And the wine made me that libberal, that I sollemly promist her jest sitch another treet on her nex buthday.

We finished up our more than ushally large serrees of Banquets on larst Wensday week, wen we had all Her Majesty's Minnisters at the Manshun Ouse, and didn't they all look jolly appy to think as their work was all hover till next Guy Fox Day, habesent be the homen! Lord GROSNAM AMILTON tried hard to friten us all by telling us all as he had jest reseved a telacram from the Admoral of the Fleet saying as they had taken Habberdeen and Heddingburrow, and was about starting to hinwade London, when he hoped if they seized our poplar LORD MARE, we shoold be quite reddy to ransom him! I was that estonished as I neerly spilt a lot of wine as I was anding round. But I needn't have bin alarmed, as a Gent near me said that fortnetly there was about 14 milyun golden suverains a lying in the Bank close by, and that wood no dowt satisfy the inwaders! But wot a state of things all this reveals! The Prime Minnister didn't seem to care werry much about it, but as he's jest a going off to Deep, in France, of coarse he'll be all right, and can wash hiself of the hole affair. Strange to say too, the Rite Honnerabel the LORD MARE follered his prudent xampel and started for Forren Parts the werry next day but wun, so remembering as the better part of discreession was waller, I emedately followed sute, and cum to this littel place where no big iron ship wood ewer think of cumming, coz in the fust place there ain't enuff warter for it to swim in, and next, coz there ain't nuffin much to seeze excep Bathing Mashines and Flys, so I don't let no thorts of invasion disturb my olliday, but eats and drinks of the best as I can afford, and sleeps the sleep of the onest Waiter.

ROBERT.

STANZAS TO SIRIUS.

In the Dog-days, cold the middle
Of Summer as Christmas, then,
In the nature of things a riddle,
Dumfounded dogs and men.
The men—and the women—remaining
Still wrapt in winter attire.
While the dogs, yet the Dog-Star reigning,
Lay shivering by the fire.

If dogs thou hast driven delirious,
Thou hast failed to parch the grass,
So provender's like, old *Sirius*,
To be green for horse and ass.
Not enow to stuff a pillow
Has the farmer mown of hay.
With his storage in the *silo*
He must manage as best he may.

AMUSEMENT FOR SUNDAY IN A COUNTRY HOUSE.—The Hostess, taking a hint from *The Musical World*, suggested that all the young ladies of the party should write down the names of their favourite Hymns. After some consultation among the girls, the youngest was deputed to inquire, "Whether they were to add the surnames as well?"

"SUMMARY OF THE PAST SEASON."—Wintry.



"DE GUSTIBUS," &c.

Darby. "BUT, MY DEAR, THERE ARE NO MICROBES IN TOBACCO."

JOHN. "UM—SHOWS THEIR SENSE!"

[Subject dropped.]

THE AUTOMATIC DOCTOR.

[The latest American novelty is an automatic machine at railway stations, which delivers medicines instead of matches or sweetmeats.]

NOTE the ailment that you've got,
Cardiac or else hepatic.
Put a penny in the slot,
Lo! the action's automatic.
Out there comes for every ill
Physic, funniest of notions;
Here a powder, there a pill,
But it draws the line at lotions.

Should a maiden chance to feel
That her frame needs restoration,
There's a section labelled "Steel,"
Which requires no explanation.
Here the Iron Doctor stands,
For the few or for the many;
Curing, with his liberal hands,
All diseases—for a penny.
Yonder gentleman a drug
Seeks, we'll say, for torpid liver;
There the pills are lying snug,
This machine's a liberal giver.
There's no need for guinea fees,
Or for any drug concoctor;
Just a penny gives you ease
From the Automatic Doctor!

NO LONGER A BACHELOR OF ARTS.
—EX-PRESIDENT R.B.A. JAMES
MCNEILE WHISTLER is now happily
married. Happy, Happy Pair! This
lady WHISTLER is not the celebrated
this Season's bird *La Siffreuse*,
bien entendu, as the latter has gone
back to her own Trans-atlantic
SHAW.

A CONTRIBUTION TO LIGHT LITERATURE.—"Gosse's Congreve."

THE VOICE OF THE VICTIM.

[There are so many Companies started nowadays, that it is difficult to get enough first subscribers to the Articles of Association, and Messrs. ASHHURST, MORRIS AND CRISP make use of the same gentlemen over and over again.]

THEY bring fresh papers every day,
They show me where to sign;
I dream at night of "Table A,"
And shout "competing line."

No matter what the Company,
I'm down for just one share;
Though large or small the venture be,
My name will still be there.

At first I used to sign with pride,
It seemed a goodly thing,
With men of means to be allied,
In each financial "ring."

But soon the dream was o'er, and now
I loathe the very sight
Of pens and paper, and my brow
Grows pallid as I write.

I've come to hate my very name,
To curse the thing I am;
I'm "limited" in all but shame,
My single share a sham.

I'm not an avaricious man,
I care not for myself;
But each scheme seems a ghastly plan,
That brings me in no pelf.

Promoters flourish on their tips,
And "booms" within the House;

I sit and watch with hungry lips,
A cat without a mouse.

In spite of everything I sign,
In spite of all I do;
For reasons that I can't divine,
They never raise my "screw."

The money rolls before my eyes,
A true Pactolian stream.
Alas! the golden vision dies,
A base illusive dream.

Promoters come, promoters go,
They gather gold galore;
I know not how, I only know,
I sign for evermore.

The very children seem to lisp
My name, with sounds of scorn,
O MORRIS! ASHHURST and O CRISP!
Why was I ever born!

HOW BRER FOX LARFS.

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and all the Anti-Vivisectionists must rejoice to learn that a Bench of Cheshire Magistrates has decided that foxhounds are no exception to the muzzling order, but liable to be muzzled. Should this decision be enforced, the results of a fox-hunt will be no more unpleasant to the fox than the mere over-exertion of running away, and the consequent exhaustion which will bring the chase to a stop. The fox will be none the worse than if he had been run to earth. How jolly for the fox! If the Bench had consisted entirely of Cheshire cats, they couldn't have

come to a more anti-canine decision. It's enough to make a Cheshire cat laugh; and, as for "Sly Reynolds" himself, he'll go home after a run, use his brush, which he will not have left behind him, and spend a pleasant evening, if his vixenish partner will let him.

"WELL, TO BE SEWER!"

[The report of the Thames Conservators states that Staines is the only town along its banks which still discharges its sewage into the Thames.]

CAN this be true, they say of you,
O sad riparian Staines!
That pure and clean Thames now had been
Save only for your drains?

From Twickenham down to London town
Each angler now maintains
That 'tis your sewer makes Thames impure,
O retrogressive Staines!

Of Barking's Creek, its loathly reek,
The ratepayer complains;
And there's no doubt we shall fall out
With out-falls too at Staines.

The house-boat throng we've borne for long
—They're nuisances and banes—
But you defile for many a mile
The river, dirty Staines!

To name this pest with fitting zest
The prudent tongue refrains;
Richmond and Kew now look to you
To end it, Men of Staines!

"GOOD BUSINESS" ON THE MOORS.—No standing Rooms in the Pits. Boxes full.

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 12.



FISHING ROD'RIK DHU ABOUT THIS TIME IN SCOTLAND.

THE PACE THAT KILLS.

(Further Correspondence.)

SIR,—I can hardly find language in which to convey to you the tremendous impression made on me by a journey recently made in one of these newly instituted "Racing" trains to the North. The sense of hurry was overwhelming. From the moment in which I was hustled out of breath, by mistake, with a first-class ticket into the corner of a third-class compartment, to that of arriving at Edinburgh an hour and seventeen minutes late, I never enjoyed a single interval of repose. Imagine the ceaseless whirl through stations, the masters of which were watching the train tear by with a dazed

stare. As we swept past Grantham, refreshments were flung at us from the platform. We reached York at a tremendous rush. Seven invalid old gentlemen were trodden under foot in their efforts to get into the train.

It seems we had beaten the record by five-and-thirty minutes, which led me to believe that I should be able to partake at leisure of the excellent dinner of soup, fish, two *entrées*, joint, salad, pickles, and bread-and-cheese, provided for the passengers in the refreshment-room. Imagine my surprise, therefore, on being told that, if I wanted to dine, I must do it in three minutes and a half; and as "beating the record," as the waiter smilingly observed, "was the order of the day," I got through as much of it as I possibly could in



AU MAGASIN DU LOUVRE.

"COMBIEN EN VOULEZ-VOUS, MADAME?"

"OH!—ER—LET ME SEE—FIVE YARDS—SANK KILOMETRES, N'EST CE PAS?"

[Stupefaction.]

that limited time. So great, though, was the scurry, that I found myself again *en route*, without having had an opportunity of paying him. And now our troubles began. At Thirsk, after struggling heavily against the north-east wind, our engine broke down. This was replaced, but our pace did not mend, and a few miles before Berwick we came to a dead stop. Inquiry confirmed my worst fears. It seemed that the strain had proved too much for them, and that the guard and driver had both gone off their heads simultaneously, and had to be removed to a neighbouring lunatic asylum. Owing to these *contretemps*, we reached our destination somewhat behind time, but found the officials nothing daunted, but full of enthusiasm, they having just heard that the rival Company's express had only just got in with both its driving-wheels off. They are therefore confident that to-morrow will again find the Company "beating the record." How long they will continue to do so is a problem that puzzles your much-impressed and over-wrought contributor,

A STITCH IN TIME.

SIR,—It is all very well to cry up the magnificent performance of running 200 miles without a break, but I would caution any intending traveller to see that he does not attempt the feat in a compartment with three escaped lunatics. This was my experience yesterday. The train had hardly moved out of the station before I discovered the dangerous character of my companions. In a few minutes they were all at my throat. The struggle was a long and desperate one, but I am fortunately a bit of an athlete, and by the time we had passed Grantham I had secured two effectively in the umbrella and luggage nets, and had fixed the third with the point of a walking-stick underneath the opposite seat. The last hour passed with these three maniacs glaring at me was, however, not pleasant travelling, and I have certainly no wish to repeat the experiment. Yours, &c.,

NOTHING IF NOT CIRCUMSPECT.

The following letter, which comes fittingly as a conclusion to the above Correspondence, has just reached *Mr. Punch* as he was going to press; and, as it seems to him to announce a very wise decision on the matter, he has much pleasure in subjoining it:—

SIR,—After three weeks' testing of the racing and other qualities of our respective engines, by which we flatter ourselves they have both, in turns, shown that they have been able, when put to it, to "beat the record," we have determined, by mutual agreement, on and after the 31st inst., to return to our normal ways, and observe, as nearly as we can, the hours of departure and arrival of our trains as fixed in the advertised Time-tables of our respective Companies. The fact is, keeping up "the pace that kills" necessitates the heaping a great deal of coal on—an expensive process, that, as figures will readily show, must soon come to a full stop. Our motto is, therefore, *pro tem.*, "*Requiescamus in pace*," which means that,

for the future, we are going to rest and be thankful with a good, but moderate pace. As long as the "Scotchman" can fly from London to Edinburgh in something like eight hours, we fancy the public will have no occasion to quarrel with

Your obedient Servants,

THE DIRECTORS OF THE TWO CONTENDING COMPANIES.

PHILALOO!

A LAY OF THE LATE SESSION.

AIR—"Killaloe."

WELL, 'tis ended as 'twas born, in shindy and in scorn,
The Session whose right name is Philaloo;
It was like a dreadful drama, and seemed shaped upon the scheme
That we've laughed at in the land of Parlevoo!
Men did everything but swear at the SPAYKER in the Chair,
And they hinted he said things that were not true,
And the Irish sort of spite, and French manners impolite,
Faith, we've larnt 'em in the school of Philaloo.

Chorus.

You may talk of BONEYFARTE,
His fierce rage was rude as hearty,
But the passions now of Party
Lick the Corsican. Hurroo!
We beat BOULANGER aisy,
In coarseness crass and crazy,
In spache that's long, and strong, and wrong,
We shine at Philaloo.

"What, lick us?" Mossos would cry. "Why, of course we can," says I.

"Is that a thing to rouse a Frank's surprise?"

A boy straight up from Clare is the chap to raise your hair,
And—rhetorically—black your Party eyes.

What Mossos would call "*vacarme*" for all Paddies hath a charm,

So bad language fairly flew about the place.

"Judas!" aloud to cry, and each other give the lie,

Were among the pleasant features of the case.

Chorus.—You may talk, &c.

Oh, boys, there was the fun, you should see it ere 'twas done,

All courtesies one by one did disappear;

When the CONTREBARES and TANNERS put an end to all good manners,

The talk sometimes was horrible to hear.

The insult and the oath,—well, there's law agin them both,

But for unwritten codes we need not care.

Fellows find it will not do to talk much at Philaloo,

Unless they've got a curse or two to spare.

Chorus.—You may talk, &c.

Well, we've raved about the rint, and a dale o' time we've spint.

Says the SPAYKER, "By St. Patrick, I'm perplexed.

For when 'gentlemen,' ye see, go on like this at *Me*,

I hardly know what to be up to next."

Had he axed *me*, I'd have said, "You had best go home to bed,

And mix no more in Philaloo affairs.

In the papers soon ye'll trace that our Party Spouting Place

Is closed for alterations and repairs."

Chorus.—You may talk, &c.

If Billingsgate you'd try, or give Bargees the go-by,

Or make yourself a blayguard, just for fun,

You've just one thing to do—get a seat at Philaloo,

And your mother soon won't own you for her son.

Sure the endless Party shine is a prisint moighty fine,

But what it *will* be you may well suppose.

For imagine, don't ye see, what a Philaloo there'll be,

When the prisint Ayes change places with the Noes!

Chorus.—You may talk, &c.

ENCORE VERSE.

Well, I'm glad to find it's true ye're ashamed of Philaloo,

And the conduct of the Mimbers that ye send.

May the Session that is past of such Sessions prove the last,

Or Parlyment itself perhaps may end.

'Tis not *only* Irish there who abuse, and rave, and swear,

The Saxon does his share, ye'll find that thrue.

If to "justice" he'll consint, and not ax us for the Rint,

Shure we'll all behave like doves at Philaloo!

Chorus.—You may talk, &c.

FOOT-NOTE AT COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. CROWE is an energetic conductor. Head, hand, and foot are at work, quicker, quicker! Here, indeed, as on an elderly beauty's face, "The CROWE's foot marks the advance of time."

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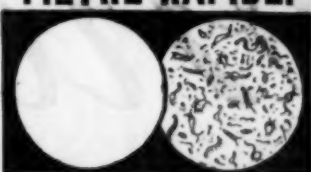
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